THE BIRD

Volume 10 · Issue 1 · Fall 2019

editors' note

Hi, o_o

Welcome to the SFAI newspaper, a student-run organization by students and for everyone listening. We are continuing the work of THE EYE with its tenth volume. This year, we became a student organization, which means that we are fully supported by the Student Alliance and LOGS. From here on, we would like to thank you for your support and for letting THE EYE keep seeing!

This year, 2019, we have been discussing the role of the newspaper and *the value of* this medium in comparison to digital media. Some would argue that print media is dead, others say that the newspaper is just for romantics... Overall, we are happy to continue with this medium and bring its many great qualities upfront!

Our approach in this 10th Volume of THE EYE is to reverberate issues that happen beyond school, poke our own bubble and bring others in. At the same time, to be the stage in addressing issues that we have in our school as well. We envision THE EYE as the platform to propel our micro and macro stories.

Last but not least, we would like to put our new logo design in context. A few months ago, on August 12th, 2019, the Hong Kong police shot a woman that was protesting on the street. This atrocity caused permanent blindness with one of her eyes. In this issue, the newspaper logo is Sang Chi Liu's gesture to show our empathy towards the Hong Kong protest, one that still continues, as with many others in the world.

Sincerely,
Blanca Bercial
Sang Chi Liu

editorial team:
Blanca Bercial
Sang Chi Liu
logo design:
Sang Chi Liu
Kai Chu Chuang

editorial design: Tamara Khasanova
front cover: *Escritos Sobre el Suelo*
Leonardo Barrera
back cover: *Whoops 2019*
Sebastian Peterson
zine by Anonymous artist

P.S. We would like to announce that the call for submissions for next semester is now Open! It will go on until Nov 25th. Email us at sfaeye@gmail.com

Gong Weike

MEND by Lexygius Sanchez Calip
(somewhere within this issue)

Grace Young

special special thank you: Becky Alexander Jeff Gunderson Keisha Kidd Student Alliance Legion of Graduate Students

editorial design: Tamara Khasanova

Zacatecas

I am from the smoke of copal
the blood of trees
the sweet juice of guava
the nectar of agave
the endless cornfields
and the mountains that formed my lineage

Marisol Lara

Remembered Place 2017
Sebastian Peterson

October 25, 2019 at 3:06 PM

Dear Marcel,

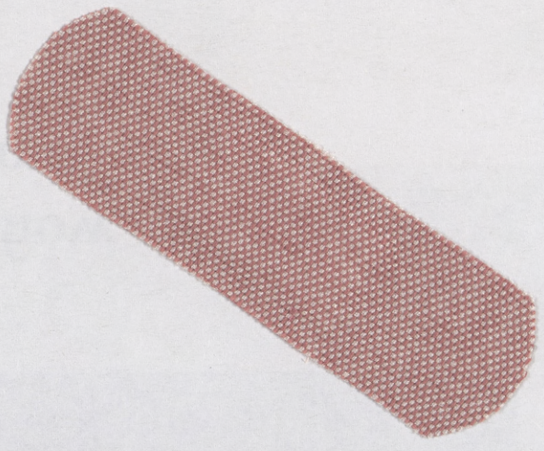
Thank you for describing the infra-thin.
I think the whole world is a huge composition of infra-thin rhythm, so dim and so thin, that we are programmed to unhear.

I've been thinking about the infra-thinness of my everyday

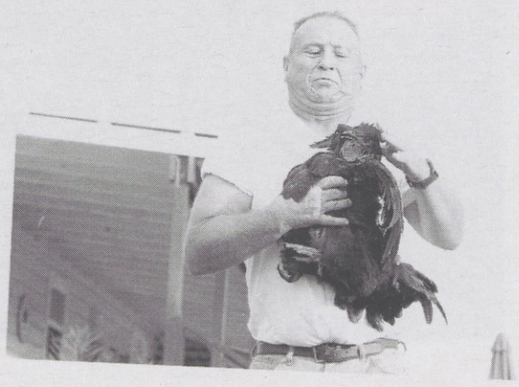
The infra-thin space between my fingers about to snap
The infra-thin air between our juxtaposed bodies
The infra-thin space between my body and my inability to feel the world
The infra-thin space between a word meaning and my own
Air particle to air particle make infra-thin love
The infra-thin space a smoke puff takes
The infra-thin texture difference between my upper and my lower lip
The infra-thin space between my fingerprint lines
The infra-thin line that separates the ocean and the sky
The infra-thin materiality of a cloud traversed by a bird
The infra-thin space where the ouroboros tail meets its head

Anyways Marcel, you are dead.

Un abrazo,
Blanca



Blanca Bercial



Grace Young

No Ketchup (Hot Dog) by Ega

We from the Chi. we don't play catch up
We're relentless, onion field never let up
Attempt to keep up and you'll get flustered
Cause when you mess with us, y'all get the mustard

Woke up feeling kinda froggy
I might just go out for a spin
Vision can get kinda foggy
Careful, or I'll give money to your next of kin

When the bang sounds,
You know the race has begun
Your mind circles round
You just got lapped, I won

No matter how far you run,
the Ega surpasses
You try, but my mental flow
sticks just like molasses

Seraphina Perkins

Kate Radford

I miss precious things
and the absense of sugar.

for gods sake why are we here
this desert is draining
draining
the epitome of all we do not need
its too hot
the tarmac melts
I can't use my legs
I walked twelve miles today
and yesterday
and the day before

this is not heaven
I don't belong
what do I tell
my mother.

from purging-
eachothers
broken dreams

this is not heaven

I can smell the vomit

and clothes made of absolute crap?
for followers of false idols
and childrens' future
where do they trade their soul
(thanks for asking)
oh and by the way nobody died

see where it gets you.

drive

I thought

drive
drive
drive

glasses!
shirt!
sandwhich!
phone!
toilet seat!
snot!
sweat!

just ignore that dead man on the street.

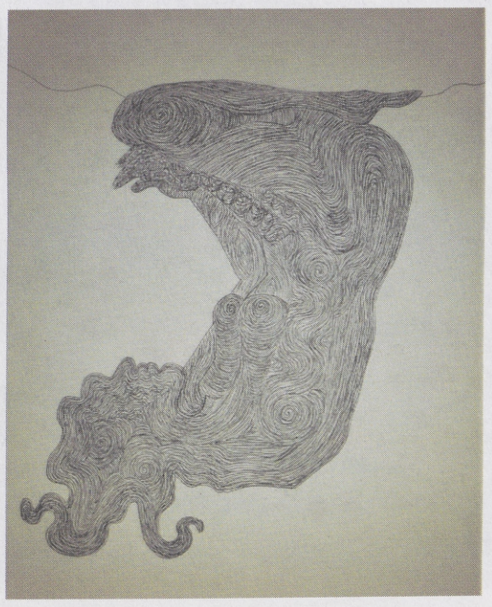
why can no-one look after themselves?
but talk about it incessantly?

The air makes me nauseous
this is no land of opportunity
I-
can't-
--------breathe.

Today I saw a drunk man crash a
convertible into a truck
and his wife screamed
drive
drive
drive

look, a rainbow cupcake!
bag!
hair!
glasses!
shirt!

Isha Tripathi

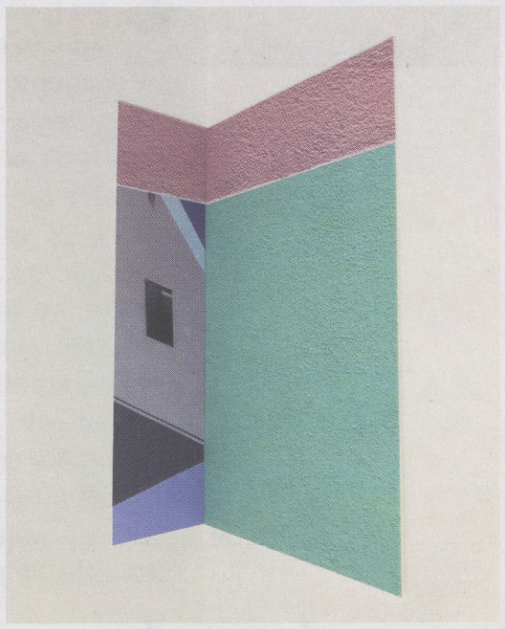


Los Angeles
Killed Romantics

Los Angeles killed romantics
hunted them
slaughtered them in their sleep

it did not break their hearts
it ate them-
WHOLE
and then displayed them
(and charged entry to the museum).
The disciples worship the
new world order
where idiocy is key-

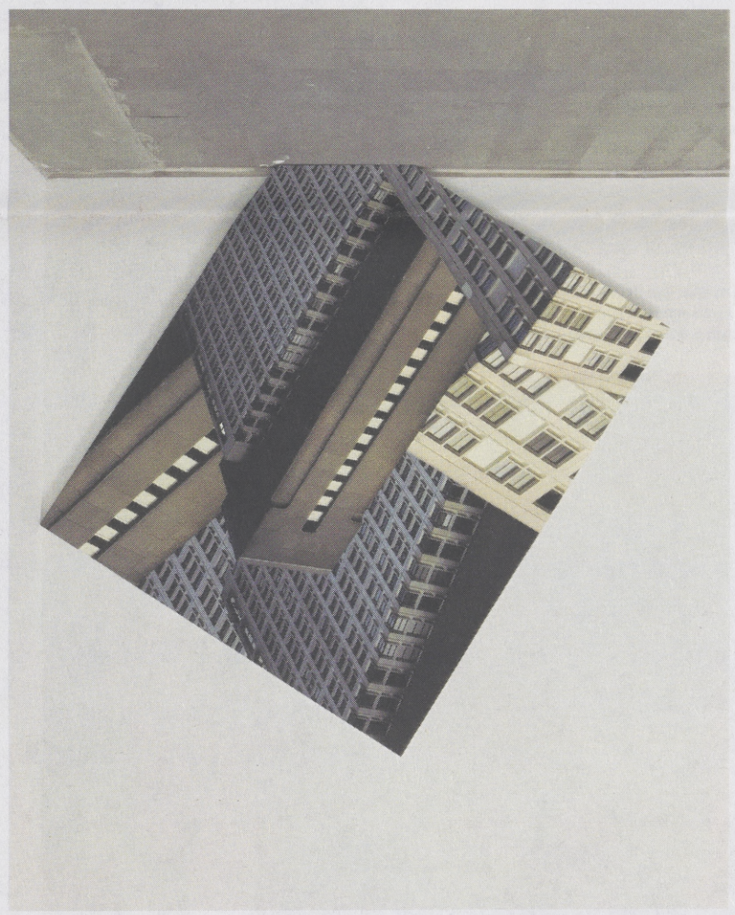
Counter Balance Collin Pollard



typewritten + embroidered scrolls. honoring ancestors, rituals, secrets, feminine lineage + intergenerational trauma inflicted upon womxn. installed with the sage plant in the meadow.

Seraphina Perkins

Counter Balance Collin Pollard



Me mudé a mi barrio cuando tenía ocho años. En ese momento aprendí el nombre de las calles que rodeaban mi casa, me llevarían de vuelta si los recordaba. Aprendí los nombres de las calles de memoria, como era costumbre memorizar el nombre de las plantas en el libro de texto de la clase de biología, como un ente aislado del significado. Aprendí el nombre en latín de lo que comúnmente se conoce como margarita: *bellis perennis*. Analicé las partes que componen esta flor en un libro en el que la flor se descomponía en partes imposibles. La paradoja es que esa flor crecía en el jardín bajo mi ventana. Como muchas otras cosas, estudié la flor en un libro de texto, y no en contacto con la realidad. La *Calle del Doctor Vallejo-Nájera* bordeaba mi casa. Leía el nombre de la calle como si fuera una *bellis perennis*, y nunca me paré a pensar en quién era esa persona, como nunca me paré a experimentar una margarita fuera de mi libro de texto.
En el año 2011, se cumplieron 75 años del comienzo de la guerra civil española. La *Calle del Doctor Vallejo-Nájera* amaneció cubierta de pegatinas que leían: *Calle de la Libertad*, *Calle del 14 de Abril*, o *Calle contra la Impunidad*.
De pronto, me pregunté quién era ese tal Vallejo-Nájera.
Una búsqueda en Google me hizo saber que fue el primer catedrático de psiquiatría en España y el director de los servicios psiquiátricos del ejército franquista. La sombra más oscura sin embargo, fue el saber que Vallejo-Nájera fue el responsable de la justificación del robo de niños de madres republicanas al nacer. Sus "estudios" afirmaban que las personas de ideología izquierdista eran inferiores, así como las mujeres al tener más en común con los animals y con los niños, que con los adultos. Empecé a preguntarme por qué llevaba tantos años rodeada de una calle descontextualizada de una historia que me lijaba la piel. Como tantas otras cosas, dudas me asaltaban. Dudas de mi abuelo y su hermana desaparecida al nacer. Hermanos de madre republicana, madre inferior, hijo inferior, hermana desaparecida. Dudas de si mi abuelo sueña o relata. Demasiadas dudas y yo tanto tiempo no dudando.
El reclamo de quitar el nombre de la calle y sustituirlo por los nombres propuestos en las pegatinas cayó en saco vacío por la duda de si la calle hace referencia al susodicho o su hijo. Dudas. La solución final tras un reclamo del "otro bando" fue hacer referencia a su hijo y añadir al apellido Vallejo-Nájera, el hombre de pila de su hijo: Juan Antonio.
El nombre de la calle cambió de *Paseo del Doctor Vallejo-Nájera* a *Paseo de Juan Antonio Vallejo-Nájera Botas*, su hijo. Ahora los caminos que rodean mi antiguo barrio llevan el nombre de una persona que tiene una calle por ser hijo de, una pincelada aristocrática. Ya no raya sólo el fascismo, sino también lo hereditario del legado familiar.
El nombre de la calle no ha cambiado nada, si acaso, ha callado algo. Pero seguiré dudando, y mirando las margaritas de cerca.

Blanca Bercial

Friday June 7, 2019

First twenty minutes at Taylor St without Donnie. I can hear my neighbors. I hope I don't run into Mike. What the fuck do people do when they're alone? This was a mistake.

Grace Young

Kennedy Morgan

The Ferocious Fox 2018
Sebastian Peterson

Shipwreks

I dream of past lovers
as shipwrecks
or broken
fallen
trees
WW
there is a certain kind of
sadness
in that kind of horizontal

sacred moments
turned up top soil
churned and
charred.

I dream of past lovers
as shipwrecks
spat out by salt in a storm
dormant, as idle winds
drift broken parts
floating
maybe one day
finding home

I feel my skin in salt water
and encase the broken parts
in brine
I feel myself
on shipwrecked shore
turned over oceans
drunk-
on time

maybe its me
(the shipwreck)
broken
ruined
burnt
and scorned
not quite making land

nor sea

not sailing
never quite fully formed

sometimes

I dream myself
not as the boat
but as the ocean instead
moving
deep
changing
buried
alive

(never truly dead)

Kate Radford

Home

I want to know where home is
It's not here in America
because it is too cold to breathe
I want to feel at home
I am searching for it within
spaces that makes me feel alone
It's not over there in Mexico

because I don't belong to her

I don't know her well enough to claim her my home

I don't feel at home
I want to know where home

But my tongue is wrapped around in two languages

that aren't native to either side
I don't know which way is
home

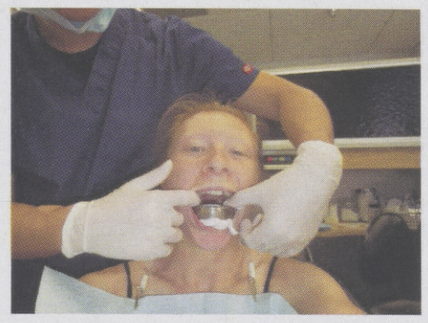
I am between borders
I am my own home

Marisol Lara

Sebastian Peterson
West Wall gallery

Climate Strike SF 2019
Tamara Khasanova

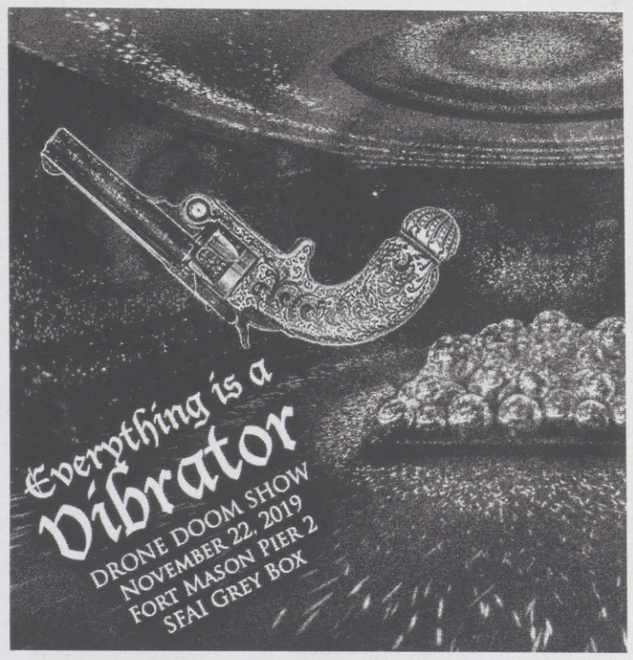
Giuliana Funkhouser



After phone call with Dad
Thursday, September 20, 2019 9:05am

It bothers Dad that I don't believe in God, I think he feels like now my soul's shot to hell. He aslo disagrees with my Quaker like stance on war.

Grace Young



DIEGO RIVERA GALLERY

SPRING EXHIBITION APPLICATIONS
AND
CO DIRECTOR POSITION

SPRING EXHIBITIONS

- APPLICATIONS OPEN FOR SPRING EXHIBITION
- APPLICABLE TO ANY ENROLLED SFAI STUDENT
- GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL PROPOSALS
- APPLY VIA **GOOGLE FORMS**
  https://forms.gle/qHtdEJ2U83QgU7Sw8

DUE
NOV 11
2019
10pm

CO DIRECTOR POSITION

- YEAR LONG PAID POSITION OFFERED TO ANY 2020 ENROLLED STUDENT.
- **EMAIL** COVER LETTER AND RESUME

TO APPLY FOLLOW LINK TO GOOGLE FORM: https://forms.gle/qHtdEJ2U83QgU7Sw8
FOR ANY QUESTIONS EMAIL US AT DIEGO@ARTISTS.SFAI.EDU

THURSD
8PM
On TWR Radio

THROWBACK THURSDAYS!

Playing music predating the 90's. All oldies, but all still fresh!

Call or text in requests
520-289-2453

Tune in to listen at
TWR.SFAI.EDU

CULTURE SHOCK

On TWR Radio

Mixing all genres of music from all eras, but the best part is, this show revolves around interviews from your peers here at SFAI! Find out what they are up to by tuning into the station at **TWR.SFAI.EDU**

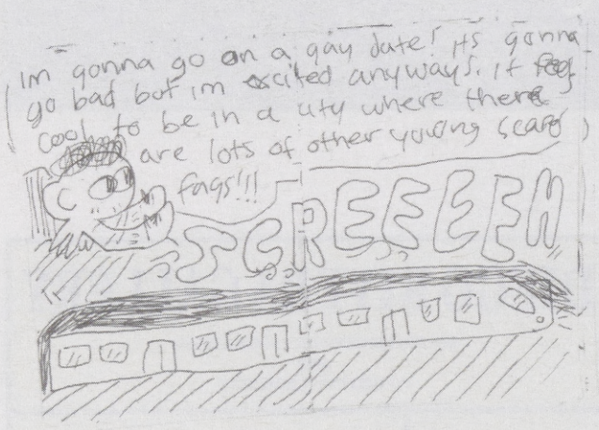
And if you're interested in being interviewed or just hearing good music, please call or text in to request/set up an interview!
520-289-2453

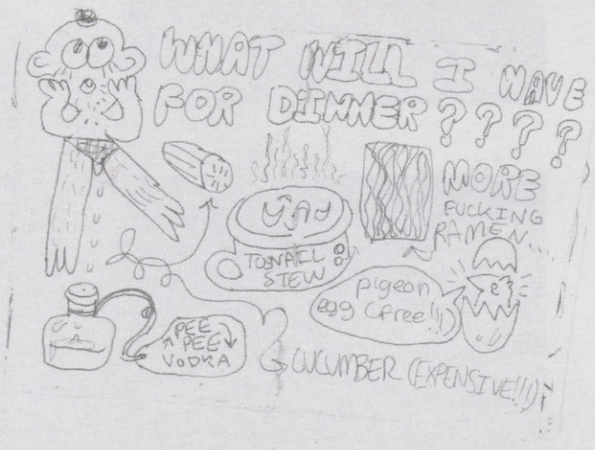
MONDAYS AT 5PM

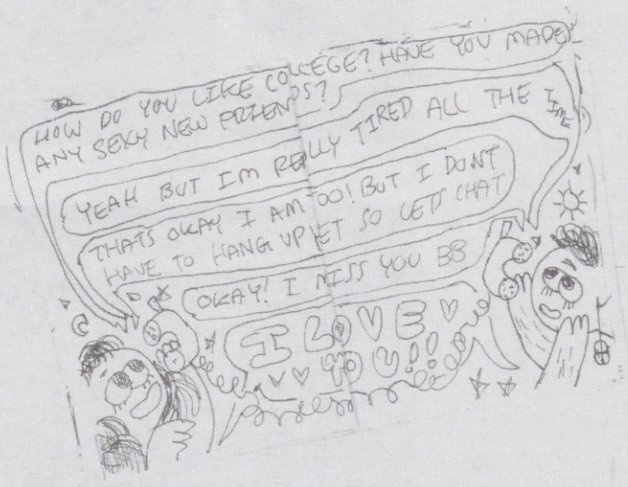
SECRET
its my sexy little secret!
BOOK...

Now that i live in san francesco im super cool & also totally independent
THE FOG HAS A NAME HERE
FOG MAN

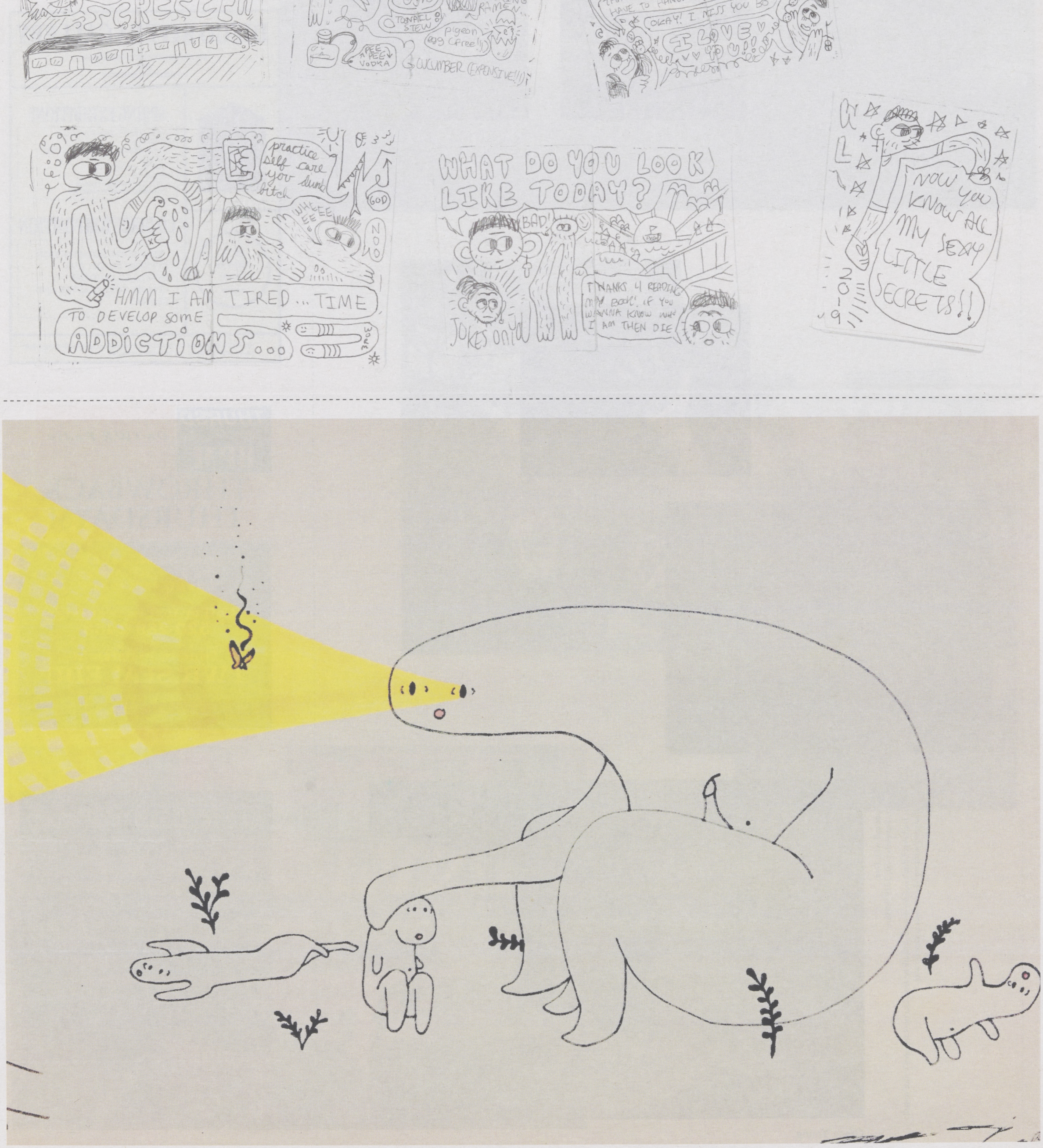
¿Vieres?
todos fuman la marihuana aqui
STOP DRAWING FUCKING ANIMALS
i feel so cold
ZZZ


Im gonna go on a gay date! its gonna go bad but im excited anyways. it feels cool to be in a city where there are lots of other young scary fags!!!
SCREEEEH


WHAT WILL I HAVE FOR DINNER???
MORE FUCKING RAMEN
TOENAIL STEW
pigeon egg (free!)
PEE PEE VODKA
CUCUMBER (EXPENSIVE!!!)


HOW DO YOU LIKE COLLEGE? HAVE YOU MADE ANY SEXY NEW FRIENDS?
YEAH BUT IM REALLY TIRED ALL THE TIME
THATS OKAY I AM TOO! BUT I DONT HAVE TO HANG UP YET SO GET CHAT
OKAY! I MISS YOU BB
I LOVE YOU!!

practice self care you bitch
WHEEE
GOD
NO
HMM I AM TIRED... TIME TO DEVELOP SOME ADDICTIONS...
MEOW

WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE TODAY?
BAD!
THANKS 4 READING MY BOOK! IF YOU WANNA KNOW WHO I AM THEN DIE
JOKES on u

NOW YOU KNOW ALL MY SEXY LITTLE SECRETS!!
2019